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## SECRET HISTORY OF LONDON CLUBS.

*Of this re-issue only 500 copies have been printed,  
and type distributed.*

*No. ....*

*F. M.*

# THE HISTORY OF THE LONDON CLUBS.

OR, THE  
CITIZENS' PASTIME,

PARTICULARLY

THE LYING CLUB	}	THE BROKEN SHOP-
THE YORKSHIRE CLUB		KEEPERS' CLUB
THE THIEVES' CLUB		THE BASKET WOMENS'
THE BEGGARS' CLUB		CLUB

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## PART I.

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BY THE AUTHOR OF THE LONDON SPY.

E. Ward



LONDON, PRINTED BY J. DUTTEN, NEAR FLEET STREET, 1709.

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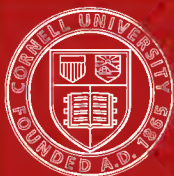
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## PREFACE.

THE scarcity of Edward (commonly called "Ned") Ward's works is too well-known to need comment: but it was his "London Spy" which established his fame as an author. This has now become so rare that only the wealthy are able to acquire a copy at all. It is, however, questionable whether his "Secret History of London Clubs," 1709 (of which a new limited edition is here offered for private subscription), is not even of greater rarity, for whilst the "London Spy" can boast of several editions in addition to the original folio of 1698-1700, there was but the solitary issue of the "London Clubs," and a copy would to-day realise an extravagant sum, even at auction. All collectors of books on London Antiquities will therefore welcome this limited re-issue of Ned Ward's curious work on extinct London clubs in default of that *rara avis* the original, which is now almost impossible to procure. It was a wretched typographical effort, in the crude chap-book style, with two curious blocks (which have been re-produced for this edition in exact fac-simile) and abounded with compositors' errors of all descriptions. The matter given, however, forms a valuable and noteworthy link in the chain of "London Life" at the beginning of the last century, and in its present readable form it will doubtless readily find a place amongst "London" collections where the *existence even* of the original was previously unknown. Though Ned Ward, as was the custom in his day, sometimes waxed unnecessarily gross in his language, still as the poet Campbell says in his "*Essays on English Poetry*:"—"His descriptions are humorous, curious, and full of life, and are worth preserving as delineations of the manners of the time."

F. M.



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## THE SECRET HISTORY OF THE LONDON CLUBS, &c.

**O**F all unlawful Societies or Clubs by what Name or Title so-ever dignified or distinguished, the Lying one ought to have the preference ; because it is the Spring and Fountain from whence all the rest have their very being, and for that Reason, the Lying Club shall command the first Troop of Guards in this expedition.

This Antient Society has been reviv'd and held in several Parts of this Great City, but now remov'd to a Certain Tavern in *Westminster* : where Sir *Harry Flunt*, a witty and famous Gentleman in the Art of Mendatiloquence, gained by Foreign Travels, has establisht and brought it to Perfection ; so that on *Tuesday* Night last the Club was open'd, at which Sir Harry the Chairman began with this strange story.

Gentlemen, being Nine Years ago a Factor in the *East Indies* having a little spare time, I had a mind to go a Fishing ; and accordingly taking one of the *Indies* to bear me Company, we at last came to a large River where he told me was plenty of great Fish ; so that walking by the Banks to find out a shady Place to keep us from the scorching Heat, I got among a Bed of Osiers, where I enter'd upon my Pastime, and immediately got a Bite ; but as ill *Luck* would have it, having a Feathered Capon, much worn in that country, as my Nod was moving among the Osiers, a swinging Hawk, which are indeed very large in these Parts, hovering over my Head and taking my

Feather'd Cap to be some strange Sort of Bird came swop down, and made such a furious stroak at me, that I thought for a Minute or two she had left my Shoulders Headless ; under which surprise I dropt my Angle-Rod, and so lost my Fish, but coming by degrees to my self I began to (feel) my Ears, to feel whether I had a Head on, and in groping after that, I found I had only lost my Cap, being amazed I upwarns at a considerable distance, and saw my Feather'd Thief on the Wing towards the nest Wood, I suppose to examine into his Booty. However, having no great Damage, I stood again to my Tackle, but remembering the Sports-Man's saying *Ware Hawk*, I kept my eyes about me, for fear the Hungry Raparee who snatched away my Cap, should come again for my Head, which as empty as it is, I was unwilling to spare.

I had not long return'd to my Pastime, before I had another Bite, which prov'd so heavy that the Indian was forc'd to go into the water to fetch it out and much a do he had to perform it : It prov'd a great Fish indeed, who had so gorg'd my Hook, that I was forc'd to cut him open, in doing of which I found that the least of the Seven Fish had first taken the Bait, and was swallow'd by a bigger, those two by a third, and the three by a fourth, and the fourth by a fifth, the fifth by a sixth, and these by an overgrown large one ; so that I caught a Nest of Seven Fish one within another at one fortunate stroke, to make myself amends for the loss of my Cap : But going homewards to my great suprise, my Cap, which I had lost in so odd a manner, came tumbling down out of the Are, and chuckt as close to my Noddle as a new Hat fitted on by an English Haberdasher, which I had found to be the same individual Cap, which the Hawk had robb'd me of ; so that putting on my Feather'd Mounter, I was well pleas'd I had

met with so good a Bird of Prey, that had much more honesty than some of my Fellow Creatures. Upon the conclusion of which Story, Sir, *Harry Flunt* said, *Had not the Hawk been so civil as to return you your Cap, I would have given you mine ; for I think you deserve, for the Wonders you have told us, all the Caps in the Company.* Upon which another began thus,

My Father (says he) being a Derbyshire Gentleman, happen'd to have an old Seat near the *Peak*, behind the House there is a Well so very deep, that in the late Rebellion he & most of his Neighbours cast the best of their Goods & Treasure to preserve them from Plunder ; but when the Wars were ended, every one was willing to have his own, & thereupon endeavoured to fish it out again ; but again ; but upon tryal the Well was found so deep, that all the Cart Ropes in the Country ty'd together was not long enough to Fathom it : Upon which my Father sent to London for a Waggon Load of Hemp & had it spun into a strong Line to reach the bottom of it ; and in the nature of a Draw Well placed a Bucket as large as a Gravesend Tilt-Boat, furnishing it with a Feather-Bed, a Runlet of Derby-Ale, a Peak-Loaf, Cheshire Cheese, Pipes, Candles, & Tobacco, & offered Five Pound to any Body that would embark on this Expedition, and venture to Travel to the end of this Infernal Thoroughfair ; but none would take it in Hand but a Scotch Pedlar, who being robb'd of all his goods at a Fair, accepted of the offer, on condition of receiving 10 Shillings in Hand ; having agreed, he presently undertook his Journey, swearing that were it the Fundament of Hell, & the Devil stood at the Door, he would earn the Money.

So that the Pedlar stept into the Cabbin with his empty Wallet on his Shoulder, and was let down by

degrees for two Days & two Nights, & then slacken'd, from whence we concluded he was arriv'd at the bottom, where we suffer'd him to remain the best part of a Day to gather the riches; at last we found him to give the Rope a pull, as an Item of his willingness to return. So that drawing him up, out stept the Scotchman with his Pack upon his Back, very richly laden with Muslins, Callicoes, &c., but not one bit of the Treasure he div'd for; & being asked what was become of it, he answer'd what had been put in on one side of the Globe, was taken up on the other, so that every one was forc'd to be content with their losses.

But being again asked how he came by the Muslins, &c., he said when he came into the World below, he happ'ned to find a Company of Indian Weavers at a Fair, of whom he bought good Pennyworths, so that opening his Pack among them, the Spectators out of Curiosity bought all his Ware, even at his own prices, insomuch, that the Scotchman desired leave to go to Market a second time; but my Father being a covetous Man, rejected his Motion resolving to go himself, but the Rope breaking in the middle of the Descent, let him drop to his journey's end beyond all recovery: so that I lost my Father but got the Estate, and am now come to *London* to offer this new-found Passage upon reasonable terms to the *East India* Company.

In these sorts of Merry Jests and Extravagant Fables, the Rhodomantading Society used to spin out their Club Hours, judging the largeness of a Man's Sense by the magnitude of his Lyes; which are now so common that they are got into every Tradesman's Shop, insomuch that scarce any Commodities can be purchased without 'em. According to the Poet,

<i>What tho' of Hellish Race,</i>	<i>A thousand butifful Truths</i>
<i>as some do hold,</i>	<i>would then arise,</i>
<i>&amp; the first Lye was by the</i>	<i>Which now are stopt by</i>
<i>Devil told?</i>	<i>necessary Lies!</i>
<i>Yet should the Art of</i>	<i>Then why should busy</i>
<i>Lying be suppress,</i>	<i>Mortals be enjoyn'd,</i>
<i>&amp; used no more in Earnest</i>	<i>To follow Truth, since in</i>
<i>or in Jest,</i>	<i>this Age we find</i>
	<i>Officious Lyes so useful to</i>
	<i>Mankind.</i>

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## THE YORKSHIRE CLUB.

THIS Accute Society (I hope the Religion Menders of *London* will pardon the expression) was held at one of their County Houses in the Rounds in *Smithfield*, upon every Market Day, to exercise their cunning on the credulous Bubbles of this half-witted City, who play the Knave too foolishly, that the Northern Tikes think no more of the biting now and then of a Head off, than a Monkey does in cracking of a Nut, or a Whore of picking a Drunken Man's Pocket.

The most flourishing Members in this Whipshire Community are Needle Pointed Inn-Keepers, Rich and Froth Victuallers, honest Horse Coursers, and pious *Yorkshire* Attorneys, the rest good harmless Master Hostlers, who us'd to measure their Oats with the bottom of their Pecks upwards, and two or three innocent Farriers who Worm'd their Masters out of their Shops, and themselves into their Business.

When they are met together in the Room next the Market, Horse Flesh for certain is the first Subject that is started in the Company, and blind Eyes,

Spavins, and Glanders, are the never failing talk that illustrates their Discourse.

After the Business of the Day is over, and every cunning Member has topped his Jade upon some Bubble or other, then the *Yorkshire* Stingo is push'd briskly about, and ev'ry one o'er his Cups begins merrily to expiate upon the Windgales, and Infirmities of the several dull Animals they have so luckily disposed of, who perhaps had as many Faults as a Rigid Fanatick is able to find in the Church Liturgy, and scarce so sounse as an over-ridden Strumpet, while the Friendly Society are ready to swear for one another, and warrant a Lambe Horse to have as sound Limbs as ever run upon Newmarket Heath; and a Blind Jade to have as good eyes as *Sir William Read*, the Oculist. Being all equally pleas'd that they have brought their Horses, instead of their Hogs, to so good a Market. When after the Healths had been bos'd about for some Hours, they began to Rattle and fall foul of one another, and after a bantering manner to upbraid their Brethren with their Pack-Horse Journies, and Penniless Progress out of a sharp Air into a thieving Climate. Marry, cries one to his next Brother, you have thriven well to rise from liquoring Carriers' dirty Boots to be the proud Landlord of the best Inn in *Smithfield*. Pough—is that all. I did not rob my Father of his Bridle, my Uncle of his Boots, my Brother of his Spurs, and then steel a Horse from my next Neighbour to bring me to *London*, and sell him for money to buy me a clean Shirt, a new Fork, and a Stable Broom, to sweep an Inn yard for fat scraps, and the bottom of Mugs, till you go to be Ostler, and from thence raised yourself by stealing of Oats, till you were able to lay down the Dung-Fork and Curry-Comb to make yourself master of a topping Victualling-House.

By the Mass, cries a fat Attorney to a weather-



beaten Horse Courser, Times are well amended with you, since your Mother used to send you to Franton's stables to pick Oats out of the Horse-Dung to make Oat-Meal Puddings for your Father, against he came home from Sheep-stealing. Marry hang you, replies the Jockey, how many times hath your Mother sent you to pick the wool off other People's hedges, for your Sister to knit Nig Caps for the old Cuchold your Father.

Thus when in their Cups they sit Bantering one another between Jest and Earnest till with Talk and much Liquour, their Tongues and Legs, but not their Cünning begin to fail them ; and all Blunder downstairs, from the Rich Prosperous Knave to the poor clouted Understrapper, and withoutside the Grundsil mutually take leave of one another, and so stagger home to their Inns, Bars, and Stables, to exercise their Cünning Tricks till the very next Merry Meeting.

<i>Thus some from Cart, and</i>	<i>&amp; when in London, where</i>
<i>some from Plough,</i>	<i>unknown,</i>
<i>&amp; some from living God</i>	<i>One Brute fells t'other as</i>
<i>knows how,</i>	<i>his own,</i>
<i>With brawny Buttocks,</i>	<i>&amp; thus each Rider's Horse</i>
<i>cas'd with Leather</i>	<i>or Mare,</i>
<i>&amp; Latchets ty'd with</i>	<i>The charges of Journey</i>
<i>Thongs together,</i>	<i>bear,</i>
<i>Fly from their Northern</i>	<i>So men tho' pressed to</i>
<i>Hungry Air,</i>	<i>leave the nation,</i>
<i>To quit Oat Bread for</i>	<i>&amp; forced to pay their</i>
<i>better fare</i>	<i>transportation ;</i>
<i>Some Tyke on Gennets</i>	<i>&amp; Ladies, when their</i>
<i>make their way,</i>	<i>Beaus bestride'em,</i>
<i>Borrowed by Night from</i>	<i>Are glad to treat the Fools</i>
<i>Grass or Hay.</i>	<i>that ride'em.</i>

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## THE THIEVES' CLUB.

THIS Tyburn-looking Society of Desperado's, who commonly have the Fortune to wear their Destiny in their Faces, formerly kept their Club at a certain Tavern not far from Flat Ditch, but now remov'd to a more obscure Place on the North West side of *London*: where a remarkable Thief-Taker can help anybody to their stolen goods, provided the gratitude the loser offer'd amounted to about half the value of what the Raparees had depriv'd him of; which is commonly as the Rogues with Safety are able to make of their Booty, because the Receivers, who either buy or lend money upon such Cargoes, always guess by their Chapmen how honestly they are come by, & therefore will not deal without reasonable advantage. This Thief Takers House take their Sanctuary at, & both Day & Night at his Tipling Tenement, where the Society of the Devil's operators project their Hellish Roguries, & what they got over the Devil's Back, they spend under his Belly.

Thus all sorts of Villanies are daily harbour'd under this unhallow'd Roof, by him who knows their Practices, till they foolishly waste what they have villainously gotten; & if any of 'em grow lazy, & don't exercise their Tallent, their Master the Thief-Taker will take him up and hang him out of their way as a worthless scoundrel who was only a dabler in a misery that he knew not how to live by.

<i>Just so reforming, stables</i>	<i>But if she once grows poor</i>
<i>protect,</i>	<i>through want of Trade</i>
<i>The Harlot that can bribe</i>	<i>In triumph then they Flog</i>
<i>as they expect</i>	<i>the Needy Jade.</i>

Then amidst their Jollity, when the Power of *Bacchus* had forc'd open Hell's Cabbins, one to make

a Jest of his Villiany, wou'd merrily discover that he once Robb'd an old Lady of three Hundred Pound by the Confederacy of one of his Misses, who was got in to be Chamber Maid, & would Mimick how heartily the old Granny begg'd, at Fourscore that she might not be Ravish'd. Another to show his Gallantry, would boast how three of them stopp'd Five Gentlemen upon the Road, robb'd Four of them, & the other being an old Parson, they drag'd Him into a Wood, & told him if he would preach a Sermon to them, he should go unrifled. I thank you reply'd the Parson ; but 'tis a little too short a Warning for a good Sermon, however, I will do the best I can, which said one of the Rogues was to this effect,

Gentlemen, You are the most like the old Apostles of any Men in the World, for they were Wanderers upon the Earth, & so are you, They had neither Lands nor Tenements they could call their own, neither as I presume, have you. They were despis'd of all but their own Profession, & so I believe are you : They were often hurr'd into Gaols and Prisons, were persecuted by the People, & endured great Hardships, all which Circumstances, I presume, have been undergone by you ; Their Profession brought them all to Untimely Death, & so will yours bring you, if you continue in your Courses.

But Beloved (with permission) in this Point, you will mightily differ from the Apostles, for they from the Tree ascended into Heaven & thither I fear you will hardly ever come ; & as their Deaths were recompensed with Eternal Glory, yours will be rewarded with Eternal Shame & Misery, unless you mend your Manners. Upon which Harrangue the Man of God was dismiss'd, with Thanks for his favourable Comparisons. And thus they made a Jest of those wicked Villanies, that they ought to blush every time they speak of 'em much more Boast and Glory in.

<p><i>For he that will no Human Laws obey, Will ne'er be aw'd by what the Priest can say, But harden'd in his Ills, will still Rebel, And hazard Life and Heaven instead of Hell. Let it, O Youth, be then thy early Care</i></p> <p><i>Therefore the only way to be secure &amp; keep an honest reputa- tion pure</i></p>	<p><i>To truly know what thy Companions are. That from the Bad thou may'st select the Good, &amp; shun the Poys'nous Converse of the Lude, For he that rowls in Net- tles man be stung, Nor Can the Fool be clean that wades in dung.</i></p> <p><i>Is to show wisely, it is your Care to be Distinguished by your Vir- tuous Company.</i></p>
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### THE BEGGARS' CLUB.

THIS Society of Old Bearded Hypocrites, Wooden-legg'd Implorers of Charity, Strolling Clapperdageons, Limping Dissemblers, Sham disabled Seamen, Blind Gunpowder-blasted Mumpers, & old broken Limb'd Labourers, hold their weekly Meeting at a famous Boozing Ken in the midst of Old St. where by the vertue of sound tipples, pretenders to the dark are restor'd instantly to sight, those afflicted with feigned sickness, recover perfect Health, and others that halt before they are Lame, stretch their Legs without their Crutches. When the Jovial Crew meet their dirty Handkerchiefs & Night Caps are slipt into their Pockets, their crippled Legs & Arms taken out of their Slings, & return'd from their cramping Postures to their Ease & Liberty; where after they have soundly liquored their Paunches, they Sing this Song, which is called the Beggars new Ballad:—

*Tho' Begging is an Honest  
Trade,  
That Wealthy Knaves  
despise,  
Yet Rich men may be  
Beggars made,  
& we that Beg may rise,  
The greatest King may be  
betray'd,  
& lose his Sovereign  
Power,  
But we that stoop to ask  
our Bread,  
Can never sink much lower.*

*Let Heavy Taxes greater  
grow,  
To make our Army fight,  
Where 'tis not to be had  
you know  
The Queen must lose her  
Right.  
Let one side laugh, & t'  
other Moan,  
We nothing have to  
fear;  
But that great Lords  
should Beggars turn,  
To be as rich as we are.*

*What Lousie Foreign  
swarms this Year,  
Have spoil'd the Begging  
Trade,  
Yet still we live &  
Drink good Beer,  
Tho' they our Rights  
Invade,  
Some say they've for  
Religion fled,  
But wiser People tell us,  
They're only forc'd to seek  
their Bread  
For being too Rebellious.*

*What tho' we make the  
World believe,  
That we are Sick &  
Lame,  
'Tis now a virtue to  
Deceive,  
The Righteous do the  
same.  
In Trade dissembling is  
no Crime,  
& we shall live to see  
That Begging in a little  
Time  
A Common Trade will be.*

After this Song they all act their Dissembling Parts as much to the Life as if they were really at their respective Posts in the City, one halting about the Room Cap in Hand as if he was on the Arse of a miserable Alderman, then biting his Nails, & Shaking his Head, as if he curs'd him in his Heart, because he had not Charity enough to reward his

Prayers with a loose Half Penny, then suddenly as if Attackt by his Eight Legged enemies, or back Friends, fingers his Collar, conveying the little Prisoners between his Finger and Thumb, from his Neck to his Mouth, in order to bite the biters which he dispatch'd so natural, that 'tis hard to distinguish whether he is in Jest or in Earnest. Thus he diverts the Company, who cannot forbear shrugging at the Lousie Performance as if they itch'd by Sympathy.

<i>The Beggars Wives seldom</i>	<i>But gladly drinks his</i>
<i>are profuse,</i>	<i>Benefactors health</i>
<i>He only covets what he</i>	<i>Then who'd not choose a</i>
<i>dares to use ;</i>	<i>Beggar's fate</i>
<i>Limits his hopes according</i>	<i>Much rather than a</i>
<i>to his Sphere,</i>	<i>Miser's wretched state.</i>
<i>&amp; when he's able, will</i>	<i>Who vainly hugging of his</i>
<i>enjoy Good Cheer.</i>	<i>useless store,</i>
<i>Ne'er starves to multiply</i>	<i>Starves tho' he's rich, for</i>
<i>his pence to Wealth.</i>	<i>fear of being poor.</i>

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### THE BROKEN SHOP-KEEPERS' CLUB.

THIS unfortunate Society is now held at the Sign of the Tumble-down Dick's in the Dirty Dominion of the Mint in Southwark ; where Knaves, Sots, & Fools, as well as Bankrupts, who deserve pity, find a safe Retirement from the Revenge and Malice of the unmerciful Creditors, whither many fly like Fish out of the Frying Pan into the Fire from lesser Trouble into greater Miseries.

When the sad Guzzling Society are met in a Body at their Smoaky Rendezvous, their Chief Business is to wear away all Sense of their Present Misfortunes, to Damn their Creditors, Drink Confusion to Bayliffs, & charge their Ruin on their Extravagant Wives,

Faithless Servants, or Injustice of their Relations ; but not a word of their own Negligence, Keeping Whores, Horses, & the like.

Among the promiscuous Assembly of broken Extravagants, a slovenly Sot sits puffing at the Board in a woollen Night cap, so disguis'd with Dirt, & his Hands & Face with Nastiness, that he look'd like the Cook of a Newcastle Collier just stept on Shore to enter an Action against his Master for wages. A second in his slip shoes, and ungarter'd stockings, like a Journey Man Taylor jump'd of the Board for a Halfpenny Roll & a pint of Tow Penny Stich-Back. A Third with a Carotty Wig, matted like the mane of a Grass Horse ridden by the Night Mare & all to save the trouble of combing the entangl'd Scare-Crow once a Week, thro' his aversion to Cleanliness. Another without a Neck-cloth to shew the unbutton'd Collar of a dirty Shirt, that was as blacky and sweaty, as if the Beast that wore it had taken an Oath of Abjuration against Soap & Water. Another with Bloodshed Eyes & a Sottish Countenance as if his Head had been stew'd in hot Ale, or coddled in Burnt Brandy. Thus they would sit, some Raving, some Muttering, some Laughing, & others Gaming, till drunk and drowsie they reel home to their dirty Rooms, Sheetless Beds, & spaul'd Garrets to feed the Flees, as well as worse Vermin, till the next Morning, at which time they return again like a dog to his Vomit, or a Sow to her wallowing in the Mire.

<i>They are most Treacherous</i>	<i>a Gallows.</i>
<i>&amp; Unjust,</i>	<i>By Foes despis'd, by</i>
<i>Too Knavish for the</i>	<i>Friends forsaken,</i>
<i>World to Trust,</i>	<i>In dread of being surpris'd</i>
<i>Fit only to frequent an</i>	<i>&amp; taken :</i>
<i>Ale-House</i>	<i>That a close starving gaol</i>
<i>Or do things worthy of</i>	<i>may be.</i>

## THE BASKET WOMAN'S CLUB.

THERE are several of these Flat-Cap Societies of Female Tatlers, who as soon as their Business is over, Liquor their weather-beaten Hides at the Tavern adjacent to the Markets they use. But in the Description of one you will have a full view of all the rest; for they are so alike when merrily over their brim Quarts, that the Devil a Barrel the better Herring. The only Female Tattling Club is held every Market Day at a certain Tavern in Clare Market, where any Cuckold that will hold up his Head e'er he enters the House, may see his own Picture. The Pocket-Apron Quality that commonly compose the Tippling Congress, are Sun-Burnt Dames from distant Villages who come riding to Town like Kettle-Drummers 'between their Gotch-bellied Panniers, well stuffed with the edible Fruits of their own Rural Houswifry, being so very expert in their Cup Adventures, that they look upon her to be a weak Sister if she cannot drink a Ters of Wine to her share without spewing.

<i>Thus Woman doats upon a</i>	<i>In what's her vice she still</i>
<i>Tavern Treat</i>	<i>insatiate grows,</i>
<i>&amp; thinks the Charms of</i>	<i>On what she loves will no</i>
<i>costly wine most sweet</i>	<i>aspersion cast,</i>
<i>From one to many Quarts</i>	<i>&amp; hugs the Poison till it</i>
<i>she soon improves,</i>	<i>proves her lust</i>
<i>Till made a shameful slave</i>	<i>For wanton Women never</i>
<i>to what she loves,</i>	<i>want the sense</i>
<i>No prudent bounds can her</i>	<i>To out do Men in Craft or</i>
<i>Desire enclose</i>	<i>Impudence.</i>

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FINIS.



THE SECOND PART  
OF THE  
LONDON CLUBS;

CONTAINING.

THE NO NOSE CLUB	}	THE MOLLIES CLUB.
THE BEAUS CLUB.		THE QUACKS CLUB.

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BY THE AUTHOR OF THE LONDON SPY.



LONDON, PRINTED BY J. DUTTON, NEAR FLEET STREET.

*Also the First Part.*



## OF THE NO NOSE CLUB.

A MERRY Gentleman who had often hazarded his own Boltsplit, by steering a Vitious Course among the Rocks of Venus, having observed in his walks through our *English Sodom*, that abundance of both Sexes had sacrificed to the God *Priapus*, & had unluckily fallen into the Æthiopian Fashion of Flat-Faces, pleased himself with an opinion, it must prove a comical sight for so many maim'd Leachers, smifling old Stallions, young unfortunate Whoremasters poor scarify'd Bawds; & salivated Whetstones, to shew their scandalous Vizards in one Nose-less Society; To accomplish which, he made it his business, for some time, to strole about the Town, on purpose to pick acquaintance with all such stigmatiz'd Strumpets & Fornicators as he thought might be proper members of the Smiffling Community pretending some thing or other that carry'd a face of Interest to all that he talk'd with, appointing every one apart to meet him at the *Dog Tavern* in *Drury Lane*, upon a Certain Day, a little before Dinner-Time, that they might Eat á bit together, & he would then acquaint them with the Secret. Being a well-bred Gentleman, & a person that behav'd himself to all he spoke to; with an unsuspected Gravity, when the Day appointed came every one was curious to know the upshot of the Matter. The Gentleman, against the time, having ordered a very plentiful Dinner, acquainted the Vintner who were like to be his Guests, that he might not be surpriz'd at so ill-favour'd an

appearance, but pay them that Respect, when they came to ask for him that might encourage them to tarry. When the morning came, no sooner was the hand of *Covent Garden* Dial upon the stroak of the hour prefis'd, but the No-Nose Company began to drop in apace, like Scald-Heads & Cripples to a Mumper's Feast, asking for *Mr. Crumpton*, which was the feign'd name the Gentleman had taken upon him, succeeding one another so thick, with jarring Voices, like the brazen Strings of a cracked Dulcimore, that the Drawer could scarce shew one upstairs before he had another to conduct, the answer at the Bar being, to all that enquir'd, that *Mr. Crumpton* had been there, & desir'd every one that ask'd for him would walk up Stairs & he would wait upon them presently. As the Number increas'd the surprize grew the greater among all that were present, who star'd at one another with such unaccustomed Bashfulness & confused Odness, as if every Sinner beheld their own Iniquities in the Faces of their Companions.

The Dinner being now brought to the Table, & the Scare-Crows seated according to their Seniority as soon as their Food was sanctify'd with a short Grace, they all fell to Grinding and Smiffing, for want of clear passages, like Fat Aldermen at my Lord Mayor's Feast, when tir'd with their Journey from *London* to *Westminster* commonly eat their Custard between sleeping & waking. Among the rest of the Entertainment there happened to be a couple of fat Pigs which the Cook to make a Jest had merrily sent up with both their snouts cut off. The Gentleman, being offended to see the Pigs Heads so strangely mangl'd, sent for the Cook upstairs to know the Reason of it, who answer'd "He had cut off their Snouts to put the Pigs in the Fashion; for he though it not fit for two such squeamish Creatures, to run their unmannerly

Noses into such good Company that had but one amongst them." A P—x take you, Reply'd an old Smifler, for the son of a Dripping-Pan! The fewer noses there are in the Company, the more there ought to be in the Company, the more there ought to be in the Feast, for the Ladies know that flat things always love long snouts.

As soon as they had Eaten off the Edge of their Appetites, being all highly pleased with their plentiful Entertainment the Founder's Health was dish'd about in a Bumper, till they all grew as Frolicksome as so many Jugs & Bumkins at a Country-House Warming. And then they began to Jest & be merry with one another's iniquities, as if their Sins were their Pride & their Sufferings their glory, every one being as free of their past Vices & Intrigues, as Gossips o'er their Ale are of their Husband's Infirmities that the single nosed gentleman was so delighted with his Guests, that he gave them his Company most part of the Day, & sat like *Don John* among his ghastly Assembly of defac'd Monuments just started from their Pedistals to take a Dinner with the Libertine.

But the Bountiful Promoter within less than a year happening, in spite of his Nose, to die in a Salivation, the Flat-Faced Community were unhappily Dissolv'd. The last of their Meeting, at the request of the Deceas'd being to Solemnise his Funeral, where every one had a Ring, in *Pia Memoria* of their generous Benefactor, whose Remains were honoured with the following Elegy,

<i>Mourn, all ye no-nos'd</i>	<i>the fairest face</i>
<i>Bullies of the Age,</i>	<i>Adorn'd by Nature with</i>
<i>Whose batter'd Snouts the</i>	<i>each charming grace</i>
<i>World's decay presage,</i>	<i>Tho' a chaste stranger to</i>
<i>&amp; shew whilst living, how</i>	<i>the joys of love</i>

<i>Must Rot when under-</i>	<i>such Juices flow,</i>
<i>ground, like yours above;</i>	<i>When Dead, like your</i>
<i>And the fair Bridge, which</i>	<i>Father Noses e'er you die</i>
<i>in such form does grow,</i>	<i>Must tumble, and in Flat</i>
<i>Beneath whose gristly Arch</i>	<i>Disorder lie.</i>

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### THE BEAU'S CLUB.

THIS Finikin Society or Lady's Lap-dog Club is now kept at a certain Tavern near *Covent Garden* where, every afternoon the Fantastical Idols, assemble themselves in a Body, to compare Dresses, invent new Fashions, talk Bawdy, and drink Healths to their Mistresses. At the upper end of their Club Room stands a Side-Board Table, which is constantly furnished with a Dozen of Flannel Muckinders, folded up for rubbing the dust off of their Upper-Leathers, or an unfortunate speck off their Scabbards of their Swords. Next to these cleanly necessities, stands an Olive-Box, full of the best perfum'd Powder, crown'd with three or four mighty Combs, that their Wigs may be continually new scented, and every stragling Hair that has been ruffled by a Storm of their Mistresses Breath, may be carefully put into Orders. Round the edges of the Table lies strew'd by way of Garnish Scissors, Tooth-pickers, & Tweezers, Patches, Essences, Pomatums, Pastes, & Washes, with all the artful implements Woman can invent to turn Men into Monkeys: so that the Sir Foplings are no sooner met, but they are as busie as so many Stage-Players before a Comedy, dizening their ill shap'd Carcasses and Apes Faces. Then down they sit to their *Champaigne, Burgundy, & Hermitage*, pull out their gilt Snush-Boxes, with *Orangeree, Brazil*, and plain *Spanish* that each may fill his Elephant Trunk with Odoriferous Dust, & make his Breath as sweet as an

*Arabian* breeze to the Nostrils of a Seaman ; & when they are thus scented, down goes a delicious Health to some celebrated Harlot, Play-House Punk, or Court Courtesan. When the Modish Fops, *Amoretas*, have drank so many select Healths to their Mistresses, without the danger of raising Pimples on their Faces, then they pay their Reckonings, tipp up the Fore-tops of their Wiggs, with their Alabaster figures, and walk bare-headed to the Play-house, where they commonly arrive about the Third Act, by which time the Ladies, who care not much to appear by Day-Light, are bolted from their Stews, and *Drury Lane* Alleys, to sneak into the Pit and Eighteen-penny Gallery without Tickets at the Courtisie of the Door-Keepers, when these gaudy, cringing Coxcombs, have thus met with their Matches, they tattle away Play-time among their Half-Crown Punks, till one of the Fraternity of sham Heroes makes an humble Bow to the Box-Ladies, and the rest follow him according to their custom to Drinking, W——g, and Gaming till next Morning.

<i>To be a Modish Fop, a</i>	<i>'Tis to be charmed with</i>
<i>Beau compleat,</i>	<i>each new fashion'd whim</i>
<i>Is to pretend to, but be</i>	<i>&amp; to be Modish to a vain</i>
<i>void of, wit,</i>	<i>extream.</i>
<i>'Tis to be Squeamish,</i>	<i>That each gay Punk, a</i>
<i>Critical, and nice</i>	<i>lustful eye may rowl,</i>
<i>In all things, &amp; Fantastic</i>	<i>&amp; for his Shapes admire</i>
<i>to a Vice.</i>	<i>the pretty fool :</i>
<i>'Tis to seem knowing, tho'</i>	<i>'Tis to attack the Ladies</i>
<i>he nothing nowse</i>	<i>with a grace,</i>
<i>&amp; vainly lewd to please</i>	<i>&amp; still transfer his love to</i>
<i>his Brother Beaus,</i>	<i>each new Face,</i>
<i>'Tis in his dress to be pro-</i>	<i>Flutter about his charms,</i>
<i>fusely gay,</i>	<i>till like a Fly,</i>
<i>&amp; to affect gay-like a</i>	<i>Burnt by the Flame, he's</i>
<i>wanton way.</i>	<i>scorch'd amidst his Joy.</i>

## THE MOLLIES' CLUB.

THERE are a particular Gang of Wretches in Town, who call themselves *Mollies*, & are so far degenerated from all Masculine Deportment or Manly exercises that they rather fancy themselves Women, imitating all the little Vanities that Custom has reconcil'd to the Female sex, affecting to speak, walk, tattle, curtsy, cry, scold, & mimick all manner of Effeminacy. At a certain Tavern in the City, whose sign I shall not mention, because I am unwilling to fix an Odium on the House, they have a settled & constant Meeting. When they are met, together, their usual Practice is to mimick a female Gossiping & fall into all the impertinent Tittle Tattle that a merry Society of good Wives can be subject to. Not long since they had cushioned up one of their Brethren, or rather Sisters, according to Female Dialect, disguising him in a Woman's Night-Gown, Sarsanet Hood, & Night-rail who when the Company were men, was to mimick a woman, produce a jointed Baby they had provided, which wooden Offspring was to be afterwards Christened, whilst one in a High Crown'd Hat, I am old Beldam's Pinner, representing[ed] a Country Midwife, & another dizen'd up in a Huswife's Coif for a Nurse & all the rest of an impertinent *Decorum* of a Christening.

And for the further promotion of their unbecoming mirth, every one was to talk of their Husbands & Children, one estolling the Virtues of her Husband, another the genius & wit of their Children ; whilst a Third would express himself sorrowfully under the character of a Widow.

Thus every one in his turn makes scoff of the little Effeminacy & Weaknesses, which Women are subject to, when gossiping o'er their cups on purpose to extin-



guish that Natural Affection which is due to the Fair Sex & to turn their Juvenile desires towards preternatural polotions. They continued their practices till they were happily routed by the conduct of some of the under Agents to the Reforming Society, so that several of them were brought to open Punishment, which happily put a Period to their *Scandalous Revels*.

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### THE QUACKS' CLUB.

THE Empiricks of the Town, *alias* Licens'd Physicians as to Scandal of the College, they are pleased to call themselves, that they might be better able to promote the Interests of Quackism, thought it necessary some weeks since, to hold a Weekly correspondence at a certain Tavern near the Change, that they might not only be able to be of mutual Service to each other, but defend the Pretensions of Physic, Chemistry, etc., against all opposers.

Upon their first meeting, *Dr. Saffold's* Successor had the Honour to be chosen by the Majority of High-German Coblers, Dutch Tumblers, and English Rope Dancers, Prolocutor to the Society, & took his Place at the Board in an Elbow-Chair accordingly: Every formal Student in the Twin Sciences or Prebendary of Physic & Astrology, having so strict a regard to the Gravity of their Profession that they grac'd the solemn Junto with their Ebony Canes, Bands, & all their Querps, Formalities, &c., as if they were going to Dine with my Lord, & to beg leave of the City to pull down the Statue of King *Charles II.*, and to erect a Mountebank's Stage in the middle of the Exchange, that by selling Packets of a Noble

Cathartick called *Pilula Honesta*, they might purge all manner of Knavery out of the canker'd consciences of Change-Brokers and Stock-jobbers.

When these Medicinal Coxcombs have exemplified at large the infallible Virtues of their Popular Pills, Universal Powders, & Sundry Sorts of Panaceas, Nostrums, Hodge-Podges, & Cathalicons, then the wonderful cures they have performed are separately discanted on.

Such inimitable Miracles upon Country Chubs, Old Nurses, Sick Chambermaids, and Lane Mumpers, that are never to be forgotten, whilst we have a *Sir Will--m* in his Coach & Six, or a famous *Dr. Gateby*, with his numerous retinue of Vaulters, Tumblers, & Rope Dancers, to support the Memory of their Empirical Predecessors.

For when our modern Operations (Operators) mount their Country Scaffolds, with their Train of *Bartholomew* Fools, surrounded with a gaping Crowd of Dairy Drudging Jugs and Rural *Coridons*; then that their Packet Speeches may be larded with something that may seem Learned; *Cestante Tollitur causa Effectus*, says the Plush Jacket Doctor, was the good saying of their famous Physician, *Dr. Kerleus*, who for his Countries good Travell'd as I do; which is as much as to say, if you take my Physic you may be sure of a cure: For the sake of these & such like advantages they recontinued their weekly Meeting, during one whole Winter, but Summer coming on, the greatest part drawing off to their Country Circuits, & the rest in their cups contending about their skill, & the Excellency and Efficacy of their never failing Remedies fell together by the ears on the first of April last & so like April Fools, put an end to their Society, verifying the old Proverb, "That two of a trade can never agree."

*Of all the Plagues with which our Land is curst,  
The Frauds of Physic seem to be the worst,  
For tho' the Law, 'tis true, abounds with weeds,  
& from Astrea's Rules too oft recedes,  
Yet those keen Foxes of such sundry sorts,  
Who hang in swarms about her awful Courts,  
By their Male Practice & Prolix Debates,  
Can only hurt our Pockets and Estates.  
But baneful Quacks, in Physick's Art unread,  
To Weaving, Cobling, or Tumbling bred,  
Or else poor Scoundrels, who for Scraps & Thanks,  
Swept Stages for their Master Mountebanks,  
These to the World destructive Slops commend  
And do their poy's'nous Cheats to life extend,  
By vain pretences pick the Patients Purse,  
And with sham Med'cines make 'em ten times worse.*

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FINIS.























































































